

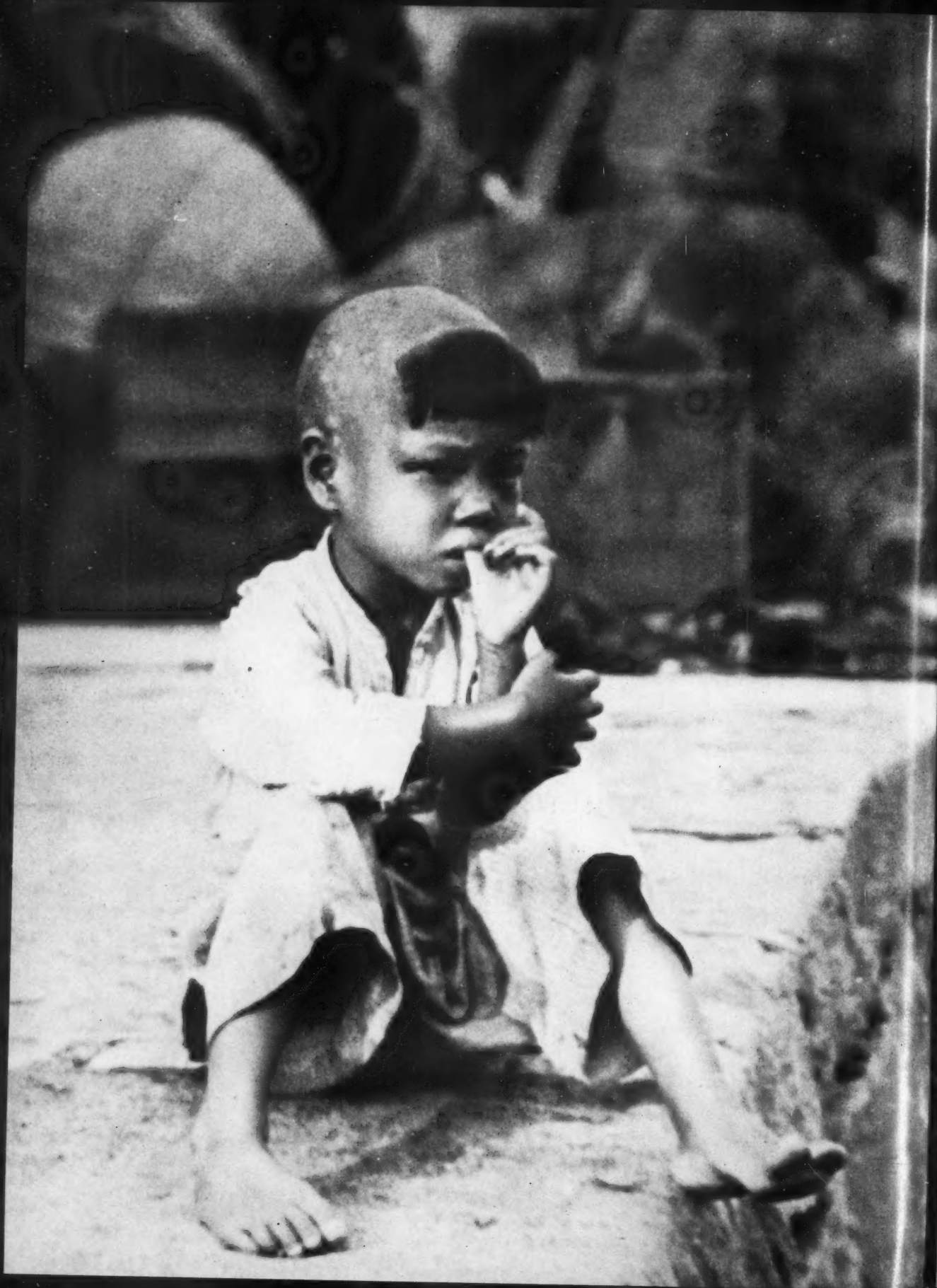


# THE FIELD AFAR

THE MAGAZINE OF MARYKNOLL



APRIL  
1939



# MARYKNOLL

MARYKNOLL is an American foundation for foreign missions, which includes two societies, one for priests and Brothers and the other for Sisters. Including candidates, the two groups total 1,200.

Central headquarters for both societies are at Maryknoll, N. Y. Preparatory seminaries for the training of priests are maintained in various sections of the country from Massachusetts to California.

The Maryknoll Fathers were established by the Archbishops and Bishops of the United States

as a national society for foreign missions, and authorized by His Holiness, Pius X, at Rome, June 29, 1911.

In seven large areas of the Orient — in South China, Japan, Manchukuo, and Korea — Maryknollers are laboring among 20,000,000 pagan souls.

The legal title of the Maryknoll Fathers is THE CATHOLIC FOREIGN MISSION SOCIETY OF AMERICA, INC. That of the Maryknoll Sisters is THE FOREIGN MISSION SISTERS OF ST. DOMINIC, INC.



## Our Cover

Mount Fujiyama, Japan, in early spring attire

## REFUGEE

... frightened and famished



## CHI-RHO

(Key Roe)

Chi (X) and Rho (P) are the first two letters in the Greek word XPISTOS (Christ). The circle represents the world. "Bringing Christ to all the world" is the Maryknoll significance.

## THE FIELD AFAR

### THE MAGAZINE OF MARYKNOLL

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**Subscription rates:** \$1 a year; \$5 for six years; \$50 for life. Make checks and money orders payable to: The Maryknoll Fathers, Maryknoll, N. Y. *The Field Afar* is indexed in *The Catholic Periodical Index*, to be found in public libraries. Entered at Post Office, Maryknoll, N. Y., as second-class matter. Acceptance for mailing at special rates of postage provided for in Section 1103, Act of October 3, 1917, authorized November 21, 1921.





*The artistic feeling of the Chinese is typically conveyed in this painting by Wang Shy-yuen. Instead of floating upwards from the open tomb, the figure of the risen Christ, like a hero in some wonderful saga, climbs vigorously to heaven.*



# MARCH OF THE MISSIONS



## INFERNO

The Oriental sense of humor is not lacking. We like the story which comes from Maryknoll's Manchu missions, where churches boast of no central heating plant and of only a wood fire over Sundays. An old Manchu, coming out of one of the churches after a brief mid-week visit, remarked to the pastor: "That was a good sermon last Sunday, *Shen Foo*, about hell fire; but you'd better watch out! After going into that cold church some of us may begin to think that it's just about what we'd like."

## HEAR! HEAR!

When Archbishop Mathias of India attended the Saint Andrew's Day banquet of the Caledonian Society, he must have had mixed feelings of pleasure and wonder. The Chairman, in introducing His Excellency, said: "I can testify to the great work and the utterly unselfish lives lived by the Roman Catholic priests. I have met them on the sandy seacoasts of Tinnevely and the barren rocks of Palnad, living in poverty among the people they served. One has heard the malicious story of the missionary who came out East to do good—and did very well. Gentlemen, that jest can never be applied to the priests of the Roman Catholic Church, and we are proud to do honor to their leader here tonight."

## END AND THE MEANS

The trials of Job have encompassed the mission of Hwahsien, Honan, China, but the outcome has been an increase of conversions surpassing all expectations. After the bombing of the city, during hostilities, the collapse of authority led to a revival of banditry. Some five thousand refugees crowded into the Catholic mission. When regular troops drove the bandits away the people faced famine, for every home and granary had been looted. No sooner was the famine ended than cholera broke out, attacking fifty per cent of the population, most of whom died within a few hours.

Every corner of the mission compound was occupied by refugees. Catechisms and Catholic books were distributed among them; lectures on Catholic doctrine were also given. It is too early to say what measure

of success is likely to attend the charity of the missionaries, but already one hundred and fifty families, some of them among the most influential of the city, have removed century-old idols from their homes, and Masses are so well attended that the church is too small to accommodate all that come.

## POPE'S BLESSING

Attending a League assembly in Europe, Sir Shanmukhan Chettier, delegate from Ernakulam, Verapoly, India, before returning to his native land made a tour of Europe, and while in Rome was received in audience by the late Holy Father. On his return to India the delegate, a non-Catholic, gave an enthusiastic account of his visit to the Holy Father, praising in particular the efforts of the Pope to preserve international peace. When he announced that His Holiness had imparted his blessing not only to His Highness the Maharajah of Cochin but also to all the people in the land, all his listeners—Hindus, Moslems, and Jews—broke out in thunderous applause.

## WORK FOR G-MEN

His Excellency, Bishop John O'Shea, Vicar Apostolic of the Vincentians' Kanchow Mission in China, was on his way to the funeral of Bishop Misner.

"The car had just reached the brow of a hill," he writes, "and, as the road was rather rough, driving over it had shaken everything loose. The driver asked us all to get out so he could tighten up the bolts. He ran the car through the cut in the hill and on down to the bottom, while we began to follow leisurely. All of a sudden a fusillade of bullets cut into the bank above our heads. The firing was coming down from the hill above us, and we were protected by only the cut in the road.



"We stopped, gaping above us to see what it was all about, but when it did not stop we decided to run for it. All of us pounded down the hill, with the bullets chipping off the rocks and spurting dust in our eyes. In the meantime the driver began backing the car up the hill to meet us. We dove in. He stepped on the gas, and as we went bumping off bandits fired a few shots after the fleeing car."



*"AND THEN I SAID . . ."  
Two of the oldest talk it over.*

**F**ATHER JOHN F. DONOVAN, one of the six Maryknoll priests requisitioned from our language school at Hong Kong for work among the war refugees in that area, gives us an account of the problem with which these tyro missionaries were faced.

Our refugee camp site was on a siding near the Fan Ling railroad station. The British Government had rushed our forty freight cars from Kowloon. The first hurried task was to erect, under the direction of Mr. Kendal of the British Government, a kitchen which would prepare food for the two thousand refugees to be taken care of in the camp. Food was the great need! Rice! The refugees were pouring in on us: many of them sick; all of them excited; mothers looking for children, children crying for their parents; all of them dead tired; all

feed the people at 11:30, and the kitchen prepared rice until long after dark—bushels of rice; never did I see food consumed so ravenously. Over five thousand were fed at our camp alone—although we had room in the freight cars for only two thousand.

In a field near the siding was an open-air, barbed-wire prison, where about twelve hundred Chinese soldiers, who had fled over the border, were interned by the British. They, too, were fed from our kitchen. And what a sorry sight they were! Poor fellows—they were not members of the regular army; they were poorly clothed, undernourished, and disheartened. Many of them were suffering from bullet wounds, yet all of them seemed content to stay in camp and know they were rid of bullets and shells.

## RAPHAEL TO THE REFUGEES

of them frightened and famished.

There was no order, even though we had twenty fine Chinese Boy Scouts to help us. How could people who hadn't eaten for several days be orderly? As fast as we could, we fed them and filed them, fifty to a car, into their new homes. We started to

The first night we picked up three children on the road and brought them into camp. Two of them were little brothers, who told us their mother and father had been killed two days ago. They cried as we drove along in the camp truck; poor nervous youngsters, no doubt it was their first experience riding in a motor car. And speaking of children—a little boy was born in camp the first night.

**O**N the second day at Fan Ling there was slightly less confusion, although there seemed to be more people milling about. We started a second section of the camp with thirty-five freight cars about two hundred yards north of the railroad station. Fifteen hundred refugees were to be lodged in those cars. A separate kitchen was built, and with the help of the Chinese Boy Scouts we directed the people there.

Chinese soldiers continued to arrive during the first few days. Chinese doctors were on hand to take care of them and to vaccinate them against smallpox. (This dread disease already had claimed two children in the camp.) All the refugees had to be vaccinated. The poor patient people looked on wonderingly—many of them distrustfully—as the doctors scratched the tough skin of their brown arms. But we gave out no meal tickets to those who were not vaccinated. It must have seemed cruel to them, yet they underwent the ordeal gladly for the sake of the meal. In fact, the first day we noticed some people, with typical Chinese ingenuity, received two vaccinations—just to get an extra meal. Incidentally, all of them

received only one meal a day—rice and some vegetable.

**G**IVING the refugees clothing was an amusing experience. Lining up in front of the supply, they would approach and display their miserable rags—or lack of them—and tell us what they wanted. They were a sorry sight, although we were aware that a few had deliberately taken off clothing to appear even more destitute; and mothers would hold up their babies to show us their needs.

In the long, unending line, I saw approaching a miserable-looking old beggar utterly in rags. I put aside a freshly starched, stiff-front, full-dress shirt, and when he came to the door I handed it to him. He bowed gratefully and went off to one side and struggled to get into it. After a minute or two I had pity on the poor fellow and went over and exchanged it for a more practical garment.

The days here at Fan Ling have given us a splendid opportunity to observe the Chinese village people. True, the conditions are far from normal village life, but perhaps the present circumstances put in bolder relief their finer natural qualities. Certainly they are poor, most of them coarse, and deplorably ignorant.



#### REUNITED

*We picked up children on the road.*



ant of worldly knowledge; yet there is a certain childlike refinement about them that seems to become more and more evident the longer we live with them. They are docile, almost to excess; they are patient with a patience which is incomprehensible to a Westerner. Their capacity for uncomplainingly enduring pain is incredible; even the little girls, carrying their baby brothers on their backs, bear their suffering without a murmur. They

*(Continued on page 123)*

**Left: SATURDAY NIGHT**  
*Alfresco baths were in order.*





*Father Burke and George*

**Y**ESTERDAY I had a letter from a friend at home. "I'm sure I try to do my bit for you missionaries chaps," he wrote with some satisfaction at his dollar-a-year contribution, "but I often wonder, with some misgivings, just what kind of Christians those Chinese make."

Today, I'm sitting in my room above the tiny chapel which I call home, a little tired—for the day has been torrid, and I have just returned from a long funeral procession. The funeral was that of George Wong, a skyrocket who caught fire and zoomed straight up. It was only the burned-out stick we buried today.

Last winter I noticed, amidst the sparse congregation which slipped from the chapel door and hurried off to their pagan employers, a young man, about twenty-eight, neat, well-mannered, dressed in foreign-style clothes. His name was George Wong, he said, and during many years in Australia he had learned English. Would the American help him to keep up his English?

So, over the week-ends we used to talk in this very room over the chapel.

At Easter, he asked to be instructed in the Catholic religion, and in October he was baptized. He never made the usual remarks about his happiness at Baptism. He turned away from the congratulating Christians, but stayed a long, long time

before the tabernacle—utterly grateful.

That was October. By November, he was the congregation's right-hand man. When we decided to open a reading room on the city's main street, George was the only one with free time, and he took charge of it. All day, he was at the stand, explaining the doctrine to those interested, and unobtrusively persuading the reluctant to read such-and-such a book.

At Christmas, he was a whirlwind of zeal. He made the crib and decorated the chapel. He could be called upon for anything—money, time, discomfort—he didn't care. It was his very first Christmas, and George drank deep.

At Midnight Mass, he brought fifteen of his pagan friends to see, with the eyes of their dull spirits, the unparalleled splendor of a Midnight Mass, even with only one priest, and a poor choir.

Then this two-months-old Christian prayed so hard for his guests that, within six months, five had been baptized.

Suddenly, in February, George complained of a sore throat; and, on Wednesday of Holy Week, he fainted.

We took him home to bed, but he was in his place in chapel next morning. It was his first Holy Week; how could he stay in bed! After Mass, however, I insisted on his going to bed, but he was back again in the afternoon for his hour's adoration at the repository.



*Christians still gather to pray at George's grave.*

## No Misgivings

*An answer from Rev. Martin J. Burke, of Brooklyn*

On Easter Sunday, he came and received Holy Communion, but in the afternoon he had a very high fever. On Monday, the bishop came to administer Confirmation, and George was back again at the mission, looking gaunt and emaciated. He passed his little examination, of course, and was confirmed. After the ceremony, I sent him to bed, and on Easter Tuesday I took him to the hospital, where they diagnosed his disease as miliary tuberculosis. Each day he grew weaker, and on Ascension Eve he called me to come closer from where I sat at the foot of his bed. With eyes twinkling at his big secret, he whispered huskily, "I'm going, to my own house, tomorrow."

In the morning I brought him Viaticum. At six in the evening I saw that his end was near and anointed him. We watched at his bedside until 9:45 P.M. Then he deliberately arranged himself for death: he looked up at the crucifix on the opposite wall and prayed, and taking the crucifix from my hand put it over his heart. He was all ready; why wait? He smiled confidently, put his head back on the pillow, and his soul went home to God.

As his pastor, I can say with as much positiveness as is possible that that boy never committed a deliberate venial sin to stain his baptismal innocence. I have no misgivings as to just what kind of Christians these Chinese make.

# At Our Very Door

By V. Rev.  
Thomas V. Kiernan

**A** FEW months ago the New York newspapers carried articles and pictures for several days, describing the unusual case of an American boy who had been adopted by a Chinese in New York's Chinatown and sent to the man's native village in South China to be raised with the other youngsters of the man's family. The American boy was about seventeen years of age when he returned to America, after his sojourn in his adopted country. He could not speak English, nor was he acquainted with the American civilization to which he belonged. After several days of ballyhoo, newspapers lost interest in the young man and sought other items for their headlines. However, the story does not end there.

Visiting Madonna House, conducted by the Sisters of Our Lady of Christian Doctrine in New York City, I found that this young man is under instruction and hopes to be received soon into the Church. His interest in the Church came about through the zeal of one of the Sisters of Madonna House, where classes in English are conducted for Chinese of the neighboring Chinatown. Here, also, a class of nearly one hundred Chinese boys and girls are studying their own literature under the tutelage of a Chinese professor, engaged for that purpose by the Sisters. The professor is, himself, under instruction for baptism. He is the second such teacher to fall under the saving influence of Madonna House. His predecessor was converted and



*Before the chapel door at Madonna House, New York City*

baptized shortly before returning to China. The Sisters have now organized a little club for the mothers of the Chinese children who attend their school, and in this way hope gradually to sow the good seed of faith not only in the hearts of the children but also in the souls of the mothers.

The type of work being done at Madonna House is the very best of its kind, from a missionary point of view. The Sisters are getting contacts and conversions among those Chinese living in Chinatown who have families. There are no casual contacts, nor isolated conversions;

it is really a campaign to win families. Occasional individual conversions have little effect upon Chinese family life; but, on the contrary, the conversion of Chinese families has a profound effect upon the conversion of unattached individuals.

In our great American cities, there are groups of Orientals, in some places few, in other places more numerous. Surely the example of Madonna House in New York will be an inspiration to Sisters and priests in other places to carry on a similar work among these neglected children of God.



## MIRACLE OF THE CROSS

*Father Winthrop tells a true story of the cross and what it wrought.*

**S**HALL I put the crucifix out on the altar steps?" my house-boy asked, after serving the Mass of the Pre-Sanctified on Good Friday morning.

"No," I answered, "I'll do it myself, Peter."

The Good Friday catafalque, shrouded with the black funeral pall, never failed to draw many loving, sorrowful souls to kneel there before the crucifix, awful in the glow of the six brown candles on either side. Not only the Japanese and Filipinos who live in our little corner of Manchukuo came in great numbers all during the day to gaze upon Him who "was wounded for our iniquities." Perhaps the arrangement was a trifle *de trop*, but we wanted to bring our people to a greater love for this image of our redemption.

Its power of drawing souls more closely to God was brought home to me when I first came to this mission.

I was called to the parlor to meet a lady who had come from Tokyo.

"Father," she said, "I am a Catholic. I have come with my friend, Mrs. Sato, whose son is very sick in a hospital here. May I tell you his—Jiro Sato's—story?"

I assured her I should be glad to hear it.

"Well, although the Satos are not Catholics they sent Jiro to the Brothers of Mary School in Tokyo. While there the boy was very friendly with one of the Brothers who used to visit the Sato home from time to time, and the family were always impressed with the

young teacher. I did not know until recently that Jiro was very much drawn to the story of the crucifix, and that he spent many hours in contemplation before the cross. Though he studied in other higher schools in Japan, he always sought out the Brother when he came home for vacations. Then, his schooling finished, he secured a position in the Customs Service and was assigned to duty here. Recently he was taken ill, and now tuberculosis has developed and there is no hope for his recovery. Perhaps you would come to the hospital and visit him?"

"He never became a Catholic?" I asked.

"No, Father, but I believe if you would speak to him of the value of suffering and the glory of eternity it would help him very much. His suffering is very great."

I went to the hospital that very morning and found Jiro, a young man of about twenty-five years, and I was surprised to hear that he could speak English quite fluently. The disease had centered in his throat, and it was with an effort that he was able to greet me.

"Oh, I'm glad you have come," he said. "I never knew there was a Catholic priest in this town. Can you help me, Father?"

I told the young man that he was not to talk. I would do the talking.

**THE MISSIONER'S CROSS**  
*is lightened by friends at home who hold up his arms with their support. Are you among such friends?*

and he must listen. But my brief plea for courage, faith, and trust, I felt, was wasted, for Jiro had fallen asleep.

Then Mrs. Sato, who had been cold and forbidding in her reception, seemed to melt before the sight. "Oh, that is the first he has slept in three days," she said; and she bowed unwillingly, I thought.

The Catholic lady and I said the rosary then and there, and I promised to look in again during the day. But the sick boy slept on, and it was not until the next afternoon that I received a phone call to come to the hospital.

This time I met a wide-eyed patient who could scarcely gasp, "Baptize me, Father, before it is too late!" I asked the few necessary questions and was assured of the young man's faith in the dogmas and teachings of the Church. It was the last day of March, so I called him Joseph. A pagan nurse stood by the bedside, the little Catholic lady fluttered all over the room in her joy, but the mother stood like a statue in a far corner and did not even raise her eyes.

**O**N the following morning—it was the first Friday of April—I brought Joseph his first, and last, Holy Communion. The poor boy's voice was gone, but his eyes were luminous with the joy that was flooding his soul.

"I shall leave my crucifix here for you," I said, as I placed it near him beside the pillow. But his eyes signaled to me that he would rather hold it in his hands. There he



propped it against the bed covers at such an angle that he might easily see it, and before I left the room again he had fallen asleep.

All through the day the cross remained in those loving hands, while pagan doctors, nurses, and friends of the family came and saw and wondered.

That evening was a busy one at the mission. My curate had gone north to the cathedral for the new Holy Oils. There was the Way of the Cross, a sermon, and the Good Friday Tenebræ in the church, and it was well after nine o'clock before I could hurry again to my patient's side.

As I opened the door my first shock was to see Jiro's mother on her knees, her hands crossed on her breast. When she saw the hem of my cassock she started up.

"Oh, *Simpu Sama*, oh, *Simpu Sama*!"

I comforted her, not knowing why, and glanced at the little Japanese nurse who was kneeling nearby. On her face was the most ethereal peace and wonder I shall ever hope to see this side of eternity.

"What is it?" I asked. "What has happened?"

"Jesus came for him!" said the Catholic lady simply, but in an awed, hushed voice.

I looked at Joseph. He seemed to be just as I had left him that morning. The crucifix was held in both hands, the eyes were half-lowered towards it, but on his lips was a smile of peace and tranquillity that savored of the joy of heaven.

When I had blessed the remains and said the prayers for the dead, the three women clustered quickly about me, all anxious to talk at once.

"He came! We saw Him—his mother and I!" said the nurse.

"All in light!" said the mother.

Gradually the Catholic woman unfolded the story for me. At nine o'clock Joseph seemed to rouse from his day's sleep. His eyes winced at the electric light overhead, so the nurse extinguished it and left lighted only the blessed candle on the table. The Catholic lady was reading her prayer book at the foot of the bed, while the nurse stood at the head on one side and the mother opposite her. According to these two a soft radiance

# **G**OD'S gift to us is Jesus. Our gift to God is what?

broke out around the head of the crucifix. So startled were they that they could not speak. Gradually the light increased, the head of the crucifix seemed to move as if it spoke, and very clearly Joseph answered, "Gladly, I come!" The great light at the head of the bed attracted the woman at her prayers, and she got to her feet, only to see the light fade and to find that Joseph had died.

**A**T the time I could find no explanation for the phenomenon, yet I was convinced that it was not merely the imagination of two women. I inquired again of both the mother and the nurse separately, and their accounts of that moment were exactly the same.

Only recently have I received

what I believe is the key to that mystery. It was a letter from the Catholic lady, written from Tokyo.

"Dear Father:

"You will be happy to hear that Jiro's mother, father, and younger brother were baptized in the cathedral at Sekiguchi today. Mrs. Sato began taking instructions in our holy Faith just after we returned here from Jiro's funeral. As you know, she was quite unwell at that time and she prevailed upon the nurse who had attended Jiro to accompany her home. The nurse is still here—she was baptized some weeks ago—and tomorrow she is to be married to Jiro's younger brother. Wasn't it wonderful of Our Crucified Lord so to draw that entire family to Him? I shall always feel that Jiro's love of the crucifix made possible that miracle of love."



*But the mother stood like a statue and did not even raise her eyes.*



## Spring Signs

*Brother Peter, of the Fushun Mission, gives us a "look-see" from his window.*

**O**UR old history teacher used to begin each class with a remark that, with the years, took on the tone of an invocation, "Human nature is the same the world over!" And here in Manchukuo as, no doubt, in every land, we might paraphrase the statement, "Children are children the world over."

It was interesting, my first spring in the Orient, to see the children of three nationalities — Manchu, Japanese, and Korean — indulging in the same early spring games as were my own little brothers and sisters back home.

To the right of the center mission here is a Korean school, whose playground rubs elbows with our western fence. Directly behind us is a Chinese school and play-yard, and a little to the east lies the big middle school for Japanese boys.

The Korean kiddies had more games than I had ever seen before, but outstanding was one we used to call hopscotch—the name probably

doesn't mean a thing. There's many a hop in it, but I don't know where the Scotch comes in, unless it would be that, because of the many rectangles limned out of the mud, the least possible space is used. There were the same screaming accusations and denials hurled through the air, the same one-legged hop from square to square, the same disorganized, running boys trampling across neatly drawn rectangles, and the soft, oozy mud splattering all.

In the Chinese yard little girls were playing jacks with stones and enjoying themselves as much as—no, more than, I dare say—their little American sisters who have a rubber ball to bounce and iron jacks to play with. That is so typical of

the children of the Orient. Artists themselves at make-believe, they can make the simplest things serve their use for recreation: stones for jacks, barrel-staves for baseball bats—and yet they seem to have ever so much more fun.

In the Japanese schoolyard the cries of "*striku!*" "*fowru-boru,*" and "*Su-ride!*" would give you an idea of what was going on there. In another corner were several smaller boys winging a kite into a windless sky, while another group rolled shiny "aggies" across a mud-streaked course.

Had I failed to notice these outdoor evidences, I should have been assured anyway when I heard that inevitable harbinger of spring—the lone bugler on the school terrace—sounding a medley of reveille and taps, with one very sour note at the most psychological point. Spring may have the charm of cherry blossoms for you, but that sour note, I'm afraid, is going to haunt me until after the June examinations.

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### HAPPY DAYS

*will be here again, and in the missions, too, when you begin to sponsor a Maryknoller. See page 123.*

# Muscular Christianity

**T**HE Manoa Valley lies within the confines of Sacred Heart parish, Honolulu. On a Sunday afternoon Brother Philip went for a walk down the valley in his quest for souls. He writes of this experience:

"In front of the country store there were fifteen or twenty young men and boys lolling about aimlessly. I started a conversation with the oldest one and asked what they did for amusement. He shrugged his shoulders in real Hawaiian fashion and said, 'Nothing to do up here.' I asked if they would be interested in boxing and wrestling, and he replied that they would be, but had no one to teach them. To arouse their enthusiasm we went into an open field across the road, and I selected the heaviest fellow of the group to demonstrate a few holds. The crowd by this time had attracted many more, and they roared with laughter at the ease with which the heavy fellow was put down.

"The following Sunday there was only one small boy at the country store. Upon inquiry, I learned that the other fellows did not think I was coming, so they went swimming. We went up to the swimming hole and watched them a few minutes. In a little while they were out and dressed and ready for their athletics, which they practiced under a large tree.

"Later it was proposed that they come to meet in the church base-



## HAWAIIAN SERENADE

*There was only one small boy . . .*

ment once a week. This provided an opportunity to introduce the catechism between and after bouts.

"After some time the boys began coming to Mass, and later I visited the parents of the smaller boys. One mother, a Mormon, told me: 'Since Ralph met you he seems like a different boy. He always thinks of going to church on Sundays, and takes his sister along with him. One morning she said her dress was not ironed, so she could not go to church with him. Ralph, without saying a word, ironed the dress for her and took her along.' Later on Ralph won the Amateur Boxing Championship of the Islands, which entitled him to a trip to Chicago to compete with mainland boxers.

"The boxing bouts and the wrestling seemed to make the boys stronger in combating for Christ. Missioning takes strange forms at times."



## THE ARENA

*Brother Philip and his wrestling team*





*Youngsters, untied from their mothers' backs, play on the church floor.*

**P**OLITE Chinese people invite even travelers to "Eat rice before you start home," or "Spend the night with us and take your long homeward walk slowly tomorrow morning." But if you suddenly took them at their word, they would be surprised, and perhaps embarrassed by a shortage of beds and food. Therefore men "in the know" make the usual reply, "Don't trouble yourself," and continue on their way.

Perhaps it is because of the "polite language" invitations, that Chinese etiquette requires three invitations to be issued if you really want someone to come to your place for a meal or an overnight stay.

So four weeks before Easter the first invitations were delivered to the distant village elders by the gardener, the cowboy, and the caretaker, who took the pastor's card to each village. A week later the second invitations, written on red paper, were delivered by the higher-ups (the catechists). The third invitation was delivered by the missionary himself during the following week.

More than three hundred people came, although our small church

has a capacity for only one-third that number. The High Mass began at nine o'clock.

Here, the women sit at the back of the church; their husbands and sons are at the front, separated by a railing running across the church. At this lower railing the women receive Holy Communion. And, since the church is a place of rest as well as of devotion, the women untie the bundles of children from their backs and let the youngsters play on the church floor. They are a distraction to Westerners, but the Chinese have been doing that from time immemorial and are so accustomed to it that baby noises in church never bother them.

After Mass the pastor sat in with his three hundred and fifty guests for a Chinese banquet. Thirty-five tables had been prepared; but, since we had only a few actual tables, the

great majority sat down on the grass in circles of ten, with their rice bowls and chopsticks in their hands and the meats and vegetables in the center of each group of people. Each circle on the grass was one "table."

At two o'clock all was over, and the people started for their long walk home, which for some of them meant three hours of climbing up one mountain and down another.

At five o'clock a large group of Catholics assembled for night prayers, and afterwards they gave the official count: 187 had fitted into the church, 368 had been fed, eight new villages were represented, people were here from twenty-six pagan villages.

"Blessed be God!" said the pastor as he took up his breviary and fell sound asleep.



*The women sit at the back of the church.*

## ORIENTAL EASTER

*A Maryknoller in South China gives us an impression of his Easter celebration.*

**M**R. BOMBAX MORI is the zoologic nom de plume of Mama Silkworm, who is here depicted in life size, just as she won an interlocutory decree and decided to go into the silk-tie business.



Imagine! You owe all your silkiness to the likes o' this.

As a preliminary she lays from six to eight hundred eggs, nearly round, slightly flat, resembling poppy seeds. Thirty thousand of these eggs weigh one ounce. Each one has a tiny polka dot, serving the same purpose as the red lights in theaters—to show the exit.

According to Mr. Fahrenheit (who should be about 72°), it takes three to seven days for these eggs to hatch. When the worm finally comes to, his curiosity is attracted by the above-mentioned spot, through which he gnaws to find himself in the world—for a stay of thirty days. What a short life for all he has to do!

Baby Worm is black, one-eighth of an inch long, covered with fuzzy hairs, except for his very shiny nose. In fact he could pass for a juvenile caterpillar, with a faint appetite for fresh, soft, mulberry leaves; unless he is embarking on a pongee career, in which case he prefers to dine on oak leaves.

After a few snacks, the baby worm decides to sleep it off, and so for five or six days all is quiet.

#### Outgrowing His Clothes

Then, rousing up, Master Silkworm finds himself in the same dilemma as the little boy who complained that his pants were tighter than his skin, because he *could* sit down in his skin. The silkworm finds that he has outgrown his first pajamas, and something must be done about it.

He does it by holding his head in a sort of high-hat attitude for two days, motionless, till the old skin breaks at the nose and lets him worm his way out into the world again.

He celebrates with another lunch, heartier now; another five-or-six-day sleep; and then another moult. Four times he discards his outgrown skin; and when at last he reaches maturity his original eighth of an inch has grown to three

## YOURS EVER DEVOTEDLY

**Mr. and Mrs. Bombax  
Mori, who die to give  
you silk.**

*Monsignor Byrne's science lesson  
is easy to follow but hard on the  
risibilities.*



#### FEEDING TIME

*Baby Worm has a faint appetite for mulberry leaves.*

inches, his color has changed from black to white, and, like many another adult, he has lost his hair. What price beauty!

#### Building His Mansion

After all the banquets, it is now time to go to work. Inside the worm are two long tanks filled with liquid silk and piped to a small opening below the mouth, through which Mr. Worm can, when he feels like it, squeeze out a glutinous silk thread.

He feels like it now, and so picking out a likely twig whereon to fasten safely his projected cocoon house, *agin'* the winds and the rains, he fastens several silken guy lines and anchorholds to it; then, moving his head rapidly back and forth, starts to weave around himself the outlines of the cocoon.

(One is tempted to pause here, to accost those gentlemen who scoff at "design" in the universe and claim there are naught but blind forces, and to ask them *why* the silkworm, *before* building it, firmly anchors the first and only house he ever builds?)

Anyhow, Contractor Worm, having anchored and finished his outer framework, now ducks in and starts to work on the inside, thickening the walls till after twenty-four hours he is nearly hidden. Of course as his silk-tanks get emptier, he finds himself with more room to move around inside his solitary mansion.

At the start, Mr. Worm produces silk at the rate of nearly a foot a minute; later on, he slows down to half that. It takes three to five days to finish the cocoon, which may resemble a peanut in size and shape, and in color ranges from light buff to white.

#### Doomed by Beauty

Alas! The beauty of the finished house signs the death knell of Mr. Worm, who all unwittingly has been weaving his own silken shroud. Left to himself, the caterpillar would slough off his wormy ways in fairyland sleep, and after several months break out of the cocoon as a half-inch moth, like his moth-er. But so many broken threads would ruin the silk, and so, for the welfare of humanity, he receives the euthanasia treatment by steam or hot water.

Then, with the cocoons floating in warm water, the unraveling of the thread is done from the outside, by hand or by machine. The former and traditional method demands several hours of patient labor for one cocoon.

However, time is saved by gathering several filaments at once, for so thin are they that six or eight are required to make one thread of ordinary raw silk. And who wants just one thread?

THE FIELD AFAR  
THE MAGAZINE OF MARYKNOLL

Published by Ecclesiastical Authority  
Founded in 1907. Appears monthly  
(except August).

Owned by the  
Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America, Inc.

TO THOSE WHO LOVE GOD ALL THINGS  
WORK TOGETHER FOR GOOD



**M**AY the Risen Christ give to all hearts the fullness of Easter joy—the foretaste of a blessed eternity.

Alleluia, Christ is risen! It is a miracle of love that we—all Catholic men, women, children—have it in our power to extend the kingdom of Christ. It is possible for us to make the peace of Christ reign in the kingdom of Christ!

*I am the resurrection and the life.* Comforting indeed is the thought of the Risen Savior, the first fruits of them that sleep. As He has risen, so one day we shall rise, and in our risen bodies we shall see God and meet those dear ones whom on earth we knew and loved.

**T**HE last fifty years have seen a tremendous growth of nationalism in India. The Indian National Congress, formed in 1886, voiced the aspirations and formulated the wants of its members; students returning thence from Europe brought with them new ideas on democracy, national unity, and national autonomy. The cause of nationalism aroused deep interest, especially that of the Holy See, to whose ears came the message that Indian leaders were demanding that “all proselytizing be stopped; foreign missionaries be excluded; and colleges following Catholic traditions be closed.”

In view of the possible loss of millions of Christians, the late Holy

Father asked the world to pray during April “that national aspirations in India may not oppose Christianity.”

**L**ET’S do something!” is a common cry that may be either a call to action or a surrender to nerves.

Actually, Christ gave His Church enough to do to keep all its members, including you and me, as busy as bees until the end of time, and He likewise gives the means to do it, for the asking.

A self to conquer by individual effort, and a world to conquer by missionary zeal. To each the first task is allotted in all fullness, though most of us probably leave much to be completed in Purgatory. As for the second, the saints took that on in its fullness, also. It is true that not even they were able to finish any large fraction of the bold task. But, by attempting much they accomplished much, and a better missionary technique is yet to be invented. *Aim high and give all* is the formula that will lead to doing something. That is why the mission cause that embodies this spirit is the recipe for action abroad, at home, and all along the line.

**F**ISHING has a wondrous power to soothe the anxious heart. With that one touch of nature that makes the whole world kin, we read in Saint John how Peter, worn out with the emotions of those tense, expectant days after the Resurrection, craving some relief in action that would yet leave his mind free to dwell on the recent wonders, suddenly stood up and exclaimed, “I go a-fishing.” It struck an immediately responsive chord. “We also,” said the others, “come with thee.” And so they went forth and entered into the ship. Doubtless, in later years, in the busy ministry, with no time to call their own, they occasionally felt again the urge and

longed mightily for a good old fishing day on Lake Genesareth.

Fishing for men brings an infinitely superior catch, but its very value imposes a burden of responsibility that effectively removes it from the class of carefree recreation. Happy the missionary who hears, in the prayerful encouragement of his friends, “We also come with thee.”

**T**HE Chinese lord of the kitchen domain was a picturesque figure in the America of a few decades back, especially in the West. He was known as a faithful retainer, and the gifts of China lilies and litchi nuts that he bestowed upon sundry small boys were symbols of a sincere devotion. Later came the trim schoolboy from Nippon, often of well-to-do parentage, bright-eyed and eager to learn, equally likable, equally devoted. These Orientals were not mere statistics, but human beings, loyal friends, types endeared to us in memory, cherished traditions.

They are multiplied a millionfold in their homeland, and the missionaries find themselves living among people who are quite like our own friends and very much like ourselves. There is nothing at all strange about them, except their lack of the Faith. And the only thing strange about that is our failure to give it to them.

**I**T is sometimes felt that Catholic missionary effort lacks the fire of enemy propaganda. The exiled priest, sharing the poverty of a primitive flock, may not have the same dramatic appeal as the fervid agitator on a soap box. The wrinkled charwoman, toiling long hours that she may have the more to give for souls, certainly has none of the éclat of the firebrand of the campus, organizing a student strike as a prelude to the world revolution. Yet it is a question if the more conservative Christian types suffer seriously by the comparison.

Striking methods of propaganda and display have their place even in missionary work, but that time is not always and that place is not everywhere. Our methods natural-

### The Holy Father's Mission Intention for March, 1939:

That national aspirations in India may not oppose Christianity.



ly differ from those of people whose sole aim in life is to blast everything into smithereens. Tearing down is a noisy process, whereas building up is comparatively quiet. When all the smoke is cleared away, and real progress can be assessed by the verdict of eternity, or even by that of time, it will then be seen that God is not in the whirlwind. It is the plodding missionary, the world forgetting and by the world forgot, who will save the world.

### POPE OF THE MISSIONS

**T**HE world was a pitiful figure during much of the last year. Shackled by greed, distrust, and hate, it turned as never before to the late Pope Pius XI. He was its greatest hope of liberation. And then the world held its tortured breath when the Sovereign Pontiff was suddenly taken seriously ill.

But there were occasions for great joy in the Catholic world. Not the least of these was the Holy Father's amazing recovery in December. And the four hundred million Catholics throughout the world were not the only ones to whom this was reason for great happiness. Non-Catholics and non-Christians frankly and openly rejoiced that so great a leader had been spared to the world at so critical a time.

Further counterbalancing the sorrows of the year were the heroic labors of Catholic missionaries in far-flung fields, especially in war-torn China, with their harvests of souls and the promise of still greater harvests to come.

The picture which missions presented last year was perhaps more than ever before one of high lights and shadows. In a special Mission Sunday message the faithful were urged to consider: "If our missionaries were more numerous, if they had more funds at their disposal, the painful but triumphant march of the Church today in pagan lands would, with the help of Divine Grace, proceed at an even more rapid pace." Especially gratifying to the heart of the Holy Father was the record of some ninety thousand baptism in China; an increase of 24,289 in the Catholic population of Japan during the last ten years; and in Korea, for the same period, an increase of 45,273 souls.

In these three mission countries Maryknollers number 463, and we are happy in the thought that we may have been instrumental, through the efforts of our

**C**ONVINCED that God alone can convert a soul, the missionary seeks grace through prayer: his own and that of his friends. And YOU are, or should be, his friends.

—Bishop James Anthony Walsh.

American missionaries, in bringing some solace to the heart of the Pope of the Missions.

When some years ago the late Holy Father elevated to the episcopacy our Founder-General, Bishop Walsh, the anniversary of whose death we commemorate this month, the Pope turned to the group of Maryknollers and for ten minutes, spoke with ardor of the work that Bishop Walsh had done, the work of Maryknoll, and of the United States, which was responding so well to the mission cause. That personal interest of the late Holy Father never waned, but increased with the development of each new mission enterprise.

Pius XI had little concern for the ills of the flesh in himself (or others). In January, a visitor found him with a pile of letters on one hand, a book describing the political tendencies of France on the other, and in front of him a London newspaper which he used to read every morning. After a perfunctory inquiry as to his visitor's health, he plunged with-

out preliminaries into a keen discussion of the missions throughout the world. He knew the outposts over which he was the beloved Pope of the Missions as well as he knew the books on his shelves when he was librarian of the two great libraries in Italy, and he had organized the administration of those missions with most business-like precision.

His one desire was that all nations should see salvation. It came as a surprise to many that the Librarian-Scholar should prove himself such a force in action; but it was one of his mottoes that from the realm of ideas mighty actions flow.

The hearts of all men must have echoed the sentiments of a non-Catholic journalist, Walter Lippman, who wrote in the *New York Herald Tribune*: "Though he died saying that there were 'so many things to do,' the commanding influence of Pope Pius XI has only begun to make itself felt. . . . When in the future men come to define the place of this Pope in history, they will perhaps say that he was in modern times the most catholic, in the sense of the most universal, defender of the faith that makes men civilized."



**Bishop James Anthony Walsh, our late Founder-General, whose third anniversary of death is commemorated this month**



#### **FREIGHT-CAR MANOR**

*Fifteen hundred refugees were lodged in thirty-five freight cars.*

#### **Below: CONFUSION**

*How could people who hadn't eaten for several days be orderly?*



## **CANDID CAM**

The three Maryknollers who as-  
had many a chance during those  
A few of the candid shots caught in  
work given us on

*Right:*

#### **OLIVER TWIST**

*Father Don-  
ovan helped  
a little one  
to more rice.*



#### **VACCINATION**

*The poor patient looked on wonderingly.*

# AMRA GOES TO CAMP

who assisted with refugee work at Fan Ling in South China  
gave them days to test their ability as amateur photographers.  
Caught intervals add to the graphic account of their  
as on page 100 by Father John F. Donovan.



*Above: BUSHELS OF RICE  
Never was rice consumed so ravenously.*

## **Below: HITCH-HIKING**

*A poor old grandmother rode in with all her worldly possessions.*





# On the Maryknoll Newsfront



The late Father Connors with a leper

age and love of a Damien he went down to the most abandoned and suffering of men, the lepers—with all the tenacity of his Divine vocation he stood beside them though the war, the elements, poverty and the vicissitudes of human nature sought ever and again to tear him loose and to destroy all he had done to bring souls to Christ."

We have since learned that flags on all public buildings were at half-mast, while every municipal department was well represented at a Requiem Mass celebrated in Peabody, at the hour when the remains of our confrere were being interred at Maryknoll.

## Wedding Bells—

If prophetic vision had been granted General Quinalso some thirty-five years ago, we wonder how he would have expressed his congratulations to his adopted nephew, Artemio Bagalawis, on the recent occasion of that young man's nuptials in the chapel of the Maryknoll Leper Colony.



Doctor Bagalawis

How reconcile the present role and locale of his favorite relative with all the early education preparing him for a brilliant career in

## What Others Think—

Our grief—and our pride—in the death of Father Francis J. Connors continues to find sympathetic vibrations among his countless friends throughout the country. Monsignor Hunt gives a glowing tribute to "the leper priest" in the "Visitation Weekly," an excerpt from which reads:

"With the zeal of a Xavier he stood on the frontiers of Christianity to rally souls to the Crucified Christ—with the courage

and love of a Damien he went down to the most abandoned and suffering of men, the lepers—with all the tenacity of his Divine vocation he stood beside them though the war, the elements, poverty and the vicissitudes of human nature sought ever and again to tear him loose and to destroy all he had done to bring souls to Christ."

and love of a Damien he went down to the most abandoned and suffering of men, the lepers—with all the tenacity of his Divine vocation he stood beside them though the war, the elements, poverty and the vicissitudes of human nature sought ever and again to tear him loose and to destroy all he had done to bring souls to Christ."

During his infrequent days off duty, Dr. Bagalawis met and courted Miss Venturda Dudley, a native of the Philippines, which brings the story *au courant* with three hundred lepers witnessing the happy union. God bless them—always.

## Long May He Live—

Legally speaking, Ma Hsiang Po's lease on life expired two months ago, when he commemorated his ninety-ninth birthday. Among the guests at the party celebration were Monsignor Romaniello and Father



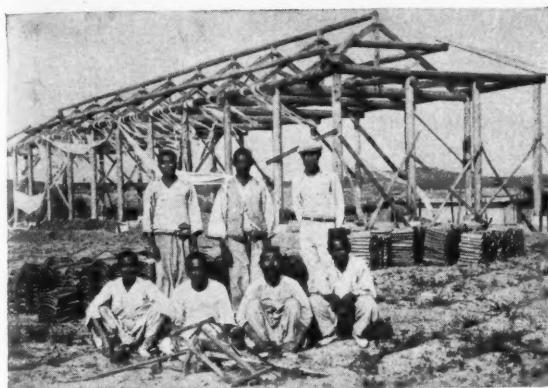
Mr. Ma on his ninety-ninth birthday

Toomey. With them we unite in the prayer that this renowned scholar may be permitted to renew his contract, and thus be spared many years to continue his noble apostolate.

Maryknollers first became acquainted with Ma Hsiang through their mutual friend, Father Lebbe, who inaugurated the method of teaching directly to pagans. Conference halls were opened at Tientsin and in surrounding villages, for the purpose of attracting natives who might hesitate to approach the missionaries under more intimate circumstances.

In 1914, Father Lebbe rented the beautiful and spacious Canton Guild Hall in Tientsin for three days, during which time Ma Hsiang—famous in literary circles throughout China—delivered several remarkable addresses. Since that time, Mr. Ma has been affiliated with the Catholic University of Peking and named Honorary Dean of the Catholic Action Association in China.

Despite his advanced age, Mr. Hsiang's mind is still keenly active, and he is intent on disseminating his great fund of knowledge—both religious and secular—among his fellow countrymen.



*The new chapel at Teishu*

A resident of Kweilin, the aged scholar is a daily communicant at our chapel there. Last June on the occasion of Monsignor Romaniello's appointment as Prefect Apostolic of Kweilin, it was Mr. Ma who presented our new dignitary with his prefectural ring.

### **Teishu is on the Up-And-Up—**

From his Korean Kastle, Father Roy Petipren reports: "Jack and Jill went up the hill"—as did all our Christians while our new chapel and house were under construction at the top of a steep incline. Every evening, after their hard day's work in the fields, the men devoted several hours to hauling up building materials; and later the women contributed their share by transporting the household effects—using their heads as the transports—from the old to the new site.

"The completion of the compound could not have been better timed, for no sooner had we flung the 'Welcome' banner from an upper window than we perceived our own Bishop Walsh fingering the front door to see if its glistening varnish was dry. The 'carriers' experienced yet another thrill of pride when they heard that his Excellency would bless the chapel.

"About ten days later we had a house-warming, at

## **• EIGHT POINTERS ON THE MARYKNOLL MISSIONS**

1. Maryknoll Missioners in Eastern Asia number 433.
2. They labor in seven territories.
3. Four of these territories—Kongmoon, Kaying, Wuchow, Kweilin—are in South China.
4. The three others—Kyoto in Japan, Peng Yang in Korea, Fushun in Manchukuo—are in the north.
5. These seven territories embrace 142,000 square miles, twice the area of the New England States.
6. The seven contain 20,000,000 non-Christian souls, over three times the population of the New England States.
7. They count approximately 65,000 Catholics (64,817 in June, 1938).
8. They are winning approximately 7,500 adult converts a year (7,337 adult converts from July 1, 1937, to June 30, 1938).

which a large crowd of officials, priests, and laity gathered. Their visit and a speech by the local Mandarin enlarged our *face* considerably, in the mirrors of the townsfolk."

### **"Pigs is Pigs"—**

At least there doesn't seem to be any class distinction in the town of Ch'iao Tou, where Father George Haggerty is the pastor.

"Pigs may not be considered the most cultured subjects of the animal kingdom, yet over here they seem to have the entree to the most exclusive society. There are few places too sacred for these unctuous creatures to insinuate themselves. For instance, the writer recalls finding one scratching himself against his (the writer's) leg, as he heard confession some years ago in the home of one of our Christians.

"In a popularity contest, Porky would come out lengths ahead of his cousin, the beefy cow—and I think the swine would have our vote, too, if for no other reason than that of his continued benefactions to one of our Christians, Mrs. Kao. She is the wife of our old cart driver, who was forced to retire when busses crowded him off the roads. Mrs. Kao herds the pigs on the mountain side during the summer and feeds them carefully during the fall and winter. At the beginning of the new year, the neighbors who have no pigs purchase the Kao pigs, and so Mrs. Kao supports her family and generously contributes to the Church."



### **Calls For Halls—**

"Ch'ao-Yang-Chen has gone literary in a big way," writes Father Sullivan.

"Two years ago when Father Gilbert was finding it difficult to acquire the early-to-bed habit, he sought legitimate reasons to occupy himself after the sidewalks were taken in. It was souls he was impatient to win, so adding eight (P.M.) and twelve (P.M.) he found the solution in a Preaching Hall."



*Father Gilbert*

"Without further mathematics, he rented a building and invited all the neighbors to the first program. This was—and still is—the order of the night. First the catechist gives a talk, which is followed by an open

forum. The discussions seem always to be interesting, and there is plenty of good literature to read.

"As Father Gilbert hoped, many of the pagans are attracted to the Hall through curiosity—and return through sincere interest. More of these halls are needed—but (there's always a 'but') we haven't the wherewithal to construct them."



## MARYKNOLL IN SPRING

### FROM THE ROOTS—

**T**HE life of a student at Maryknoll is one round of activity, academical, spiritual, recreational, and—manual labor. You may laugh, as I did at first, when you hear the term *manual labor*. At Maryknoll, however, it is much more than the principle of work. It is its practice backed by “the sweat of the brow” and a real spirit of work.

In its efforts to develop a “whole” man, at Maryknoll, manual labor takes many forms: outdoors, from the rough and crude work of the pick-and-shovel brigade to the more trained task of farming; indoors, from the scrubbers and cleaners-up to the professional and skillful electricians, barbers, and carpenters.

An unusual treat is watching the city boys wield the pick and shovel for the first time. One Brooklynite digs into the soil as if he were tapping dynamite. Most city fellows at first handle the shovel like delicate and highly fragile bric-a-brac. However, all the students join in and with a united and ardent spirit perform their duties.

The good effects of this requirement are numerous. The virtues of humility, patience, and fortitude, characteristic of a people near the soil, are somewhat inculcated. The courage to attack a problem and to overcome the difficulty at hand is presented. A missionary whose field

is among an agrarian people has an advantage, if he is familiar with the work with which they are occupied. To understand and estimate a people it is necessary to understand their environment. Another good effect of this manual labor is its asset to the Society. This continuous work keeps and improves the value of the property, and the money saved in this way helps other needful work. The principal source of the Society’s income is from the workers. The future missionary thereby appreciates the difficulty of

earning a livelihood by hard labor, which increases his gratitude for his God-loving supporters.

He becomes a co-worker with the millions of people who earn a living by hard work. “Christ the Worker” is in this way a true and adequate model for all Maryknollers.

—C.K.

### VENARD—

**S**PRING, with its clear skies and pleasant warmth, has burst upon us! The birds and the buds are making an appearance on the trees. But before we wax too poetical, we must tell you about the appearance of other messengers announcing the return of warm weather—the shovels and picks and hoes of the manual-labor squads. These implements of our daily outdoor warfare are rapidly losing their winter dust as they break the ground (and their wielders’ blisters) at the many projects intended for completion this spring.

The swimming pool has been the first place to engage our manual-labor interests. The water has been removed, leaving the pool with the appearance of an empty socket of a Gargantuan tooth. Before the water is replaced, a cement “crib” for the small campers and a new diving platform will be built, in addition to other general repairs.

The roads about the property will receive a new smooth coating of



**YOU MAY LAUGH**  
when you hear the term “manual labor.”



cinders and gravel, and the tennis courts will doff their winter suit of stones and weeds. The pond project will not be the only place where we shall engage in the pleasant task of mixing cement, for the two unfinished handball courts will probably be glorified with new flooring this spring.

But not all our time outdoors will be spent in swinging picks. The glorious days of spring have always been the traditional time of The Venard's finest hikes. The announcement of an all-day walk is always greeted with cheers, and the memory of days spent at the Gorge or at Sweeney's Lake are foremost in the recollections of happy Venard days.

**BEDFORD—**

**I**T happens to be the lot of every novice embarking on his two weeks of kitchen duty at Maryknoll's Novitiate in Bedford to spend the first half of that fortnight as a lackey under his immediate senior. With what scrupulous pre-

cision the Number One delights in issuing scorching imperatives to the scullion! Pride smarts and pugnacious inhibitions grumble under the constant mandates from the Big Chief, who a week ago was only a pot-scrubber himself, and no doubt

a mighty poor one, at that. As far as the culinary labor goes, the senior has the privilege of exercising plenipotentiary powers over his junior assistant. And if this kind of exercise makes an athlete, he'll be ready for the Olympics any minute, now.

They tell us that the kitchen is the finishing school for that fundamental virtue, humility; and that humility is knowing one's place and staying in it. All right! I'll stay sunk in the sink. But just wait until next week, when some fresh junior comes dancing in here with a sprig of spinach in his buttonhole!

—J. McG.

*His Excellency, Bishop Donahue, is happily surrounded by Maryknoll seminarians who formed the choir at a Jubilee Mass.*



**Left: COURAGE**  
*to attack a problem and overcome the difficulty*

**Below: FINISHING SCHOOL**  
*Potatoes vs. Humility*



## Our World of Missions

Our note pages on men  
and things missionary

ONE of the last missionary audiences of Pius XI was granted to Bishop Paul Yu Pin of Nanking, whom His Holiness received on January 18. As Bishop Yu Pin left he mentioned to the Holy Father that he was coming to America and received immediately the injunction, "Take with you from your aged Pope a special blessing to all those Americans who have helped the suffering in China."

All China seems alive to the devotion with which the late Pope, Catholic missionaries, and Catholic people have thrown themselves into the care of China's unfortunate. It is particularly touching to read of such incidents as the thank offering made by a thousand children of Peking to Archbishop Zanin, the Papal Delegate. The gift was nothing formal, no mere matter of courtesy, but a richly worked veil for His Excellency's aged mother back in Europe. The names of Archbishop Zanin and many other Catholic workers, great and humble, have become household words in many Chinese homes, and the hearers of these names are beloved for their charity.

And the charity goes on by the very force of the catastrophes which continue. Most terrible among these is undoubtedly the breaking of the dikes of the Yellow River, the work of some misled Chinese soldiers who, in the belief that thus they would stop the Japanese, flooded the homes of twelve million people and drowned tens of thousands.

While ten or so priests have made the supreme sacrifice, death has trod lightly on the missionary body, which continues to hold practically all posts.

### Irish Medical Missionaries—

IRELAND now has a *Society of Medical Missionaries of Mary*, which promises to resemble the society founded by Doctor Dengel in the United States, motherhouse of which has just been transferred to Philadelphia.

The Cardinal of Dublin and the Papal Nuncio were present for the opening of the novitiate of the new institute, thus proving what deep interest it has awakened. Godmothers to the Society are the Sisters of the Holy Child Jesus, who themselves have missionaries in West Africa. Mary Martin of Dublin went to school with the Sisters of the Holy Child

at Harrogate, then became fired with the desire to serve the missions, and now is the foundress of this group which will place special emphasis on the medical apostolate. Thus once again we see how *one lamp lights another . . . nobleness enkindleth nobleness.*

### A Lima Idea for the World—

FATHER O'HARA, President of Notre Dame University, was spokesman for the United States' delegation at Lima in an interesting proposal which can well be applied to the entire world, and in particular to the mission world.



Father Bernard Hubbard, S.J.,  
"the Glacier Priest," who treks  
the frozen northland in quest for  
souls

At Lima was adopted a long series of resolutions and declarations which look to the promotion of what Father O'Hara called "intellectual cooperation" or "moral disarmament" as regards the twenty-one republics of the two Americas. Father O'Hara recommended especially the exchange of teachers and students, but moral disarmament, he explained, means more than that. It involves, as well, an end to abuse and derogatory remarks

about peoples. It means an effort to appreciate the good in other men and a recognition of the fact that differences do not necessarily mean defects.

There was a time, even among Catholic mission workers, when it was felt necessary to build up sympathy for missionaries by propagating the idea that the peoples among whom the missionaries worked were almost inhumanly base and that their way of living was a ceaseless scourge for the apostolic pioneers. This day is passing, chiefly because it has proved harmful to the application of the fundamental principle on which mission work is based, the love of all men. Conceivably, the non-Christian peoples of the earth could be, in material culture, superior to the peoples who possess the Christian message. They could lack only the crown of Christ's teachings. In point of fact, many of them, the Chinese, the Japanese, portions of the peoples of India, possess such splendid gifts that we can well stand in admiration of what they have.

Even men who profess Christ sometimes fail to live by Him and hence have grave defects. Those who do not know Him are heavily handicapped in all they do and think. But let us make the basis of our relations with the peoples of the earth one of friendship and understanding. Let us put aside criticism as much as we can. Let us try to apply Father O'Hara's ideas at Lima and work for mutual helpfulness. It will make it easier for men to see and to accept Christ. Even falling short of this, they will feel more inclined toward peace than war, toward friendly relations than toward hostility.

### Sturdy Faith in India—

INDIA has some splendid lay Catholics who, given the opportunity, render a good account of themselves and reflect great credit on the Church. One of these is Mr. A. Soares, who was President of the recent Sixth All-India Catholic Congress held at Mangalore.

India counts some three million Catholics among three hundred million fellow countrymen, many of whom are becoming very pronounced in their nationalism and in their opposition to all that is not traditionally Indian, including Christianity. Indian Catholics, however, are very well organized and propose to take care of the Church's interests in India.

**GOD'S work is done through human agencies, and much is left unaccomplished when we fail to act.**

Mr. Soares brings this out in his able address, delivered at the Congress.

"From nationalist India," said Mr. Soares, "we ask for no special favors. . . we ask merely for a fair field and free scope. We ask for elementary freedom of conscience and religion, which includes the right to win over adherents to the Faith by peaceful means. We ask for the right to maintain our educational institutions. We ask finally for the recognition of our own personal law in specific matters like marriage, which to us, as to the orthodox Hindu, is not a mere civil contract, but a religious sacrament. We want freedom to preach Christ and teach His doctrine, not because we want more political power, nor because we wish to destroy the old Indian culture—we Catholics are as proud of this culture as anyone else, and Catholicism left to itself has a knack of absorbing and assimilating the best there is in any culture—but because we believe we have a message to deliver to this country. We believe that this message has an immense power for good, and that in conveying this message we are doing as great a service to India as to the Church."

### **The Homeland Takes Account—**

It has often been said that the spirit aroused in sending men and means overseas would react very favorably on the Church at home. We have a good

*The saintly Mother Cabrini dreamed of going afar to convert the Chinese, but the Pope of that day had other plans for her. Her Sisters today still share her apostolic zeal.*



example in the recently founded Bureau of Information, established by the Hierarchy of the United States as an activity of the National Catholic Welfare Conference.

That the Church's success overseas is influencing the Church at home is well

illustrated by a paragraph of Bishop Gannon's exposition of the purpose of the Bureau.

"We raise large collections," says Bishop Gannon, "for Home and Foreign Missions. Hundreds of thousands of conversions are reported in Foreign Missions. Comparatively a small number of conversions is reported in the United States. The same truths of Christ are revealed to pagans as to the Americans. Can it be possible that the Americans are less able to grasp the truths of salvation or less honest in responding to the appeal of Christ? Or is the fault with ourselves in America, with our lack of organization in this matter of conversions, our timidity of approach to the non-Catholic people? It would seem the fault is largely with ourselves, our technique, our manner of approach to an understanding of the non-Catholic mind.

"The Bureau of Information shall endeavor to stimulate the program above outlined and to accept every opportunity to present Catholic truth at all times and amongst all classes of American citizens."

**Most Rev. Joseph Byrne, C.S.Sp., Vicar Apostolic of Kilimanjaro, East Africa, now in the United States, plans soon to return to his flock.**





# THE MARYKNOLL SISTERS

## YOUR EASTER PARADE

By Sister Rita Marie Regan, of Fairhaven, Massachusetts, Maryknoll Convent, Shuichai, South China

**Y**ES! From start to finish it's your Easter parade!

No! I don't mean New York's one brief, rocket-like splurge of *chic* finery and corsage bouquets, of smart walking sticks and *boutonnieres*, with newsreel cameras clicking from the tops of taxicabs as notables emerge from St. Patrick's Cathedral.

I mean the Easter parade over here, that starts a long way off and a long time ahead. There is no traffic congestion, no competition between yelling taxi drivers or sweltering ricksha pullers. In country China, everybody

*It is your gifts that make it possible for us to come here. It is your gifts that make it possible for us to stay here. It is your prayers that win the grace of faith for our converts. From start to finish it is your Easter parade!*

walks. And walking in South China means wading through mud in the rainy season, sweltering under a broiling sun in summer, and much of the time picking one's way in the rice fields along narrow tortuous paddies that would tax the skill of a tight-rope walker. It also involves crossing rickety old bridges, sometimes an impromptu bridge made of a log, or it may mean climbing a steep precipice to the top of a mountain and down again.

We know of a native priest's mother, over seventy years old, who walks thirty *li* (Chinese miles) to attend Mass on the great feast days, bringing along her sons and grand-

*Yes! These South China folks are getting ready for the Easter parade.*

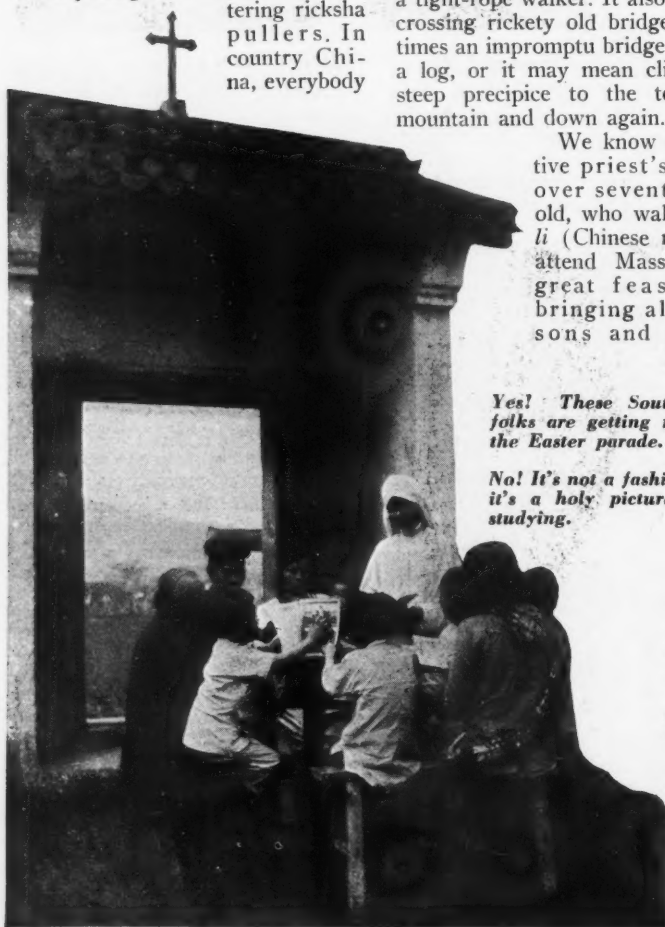
*No! It's not a fashion plate; it's a holy picture they're studying.*

sons, their wives and children. Right here we have some of our own converts in their eighties who walk twenty miles in scorching sun.

On Holy Saturday our tiny convent fairly bulges with people, as the Catholics come in from a distance, some having walked two whole days, all wearing their brightest feast-day smiles. The women and children sleep on straw laid on the floor of the convent, while the men sleep in the *T'ang* (church hall), from which the seats have been removed to accommodate the Easter crowds.

**I**T'S not new hats, but new names, that get attention over here. It's on Easter Sunday that Papa "Tight Knot" becomes Joseph, and Mama "Silver Cloud" becomes Mary, while their little "Precious Treasure" and "Lotus Bloom" become Paul and Teresa. For their triumphal procession to the baptismal font and the Communion rail, there have been months, sometimes even years, of preparation. It generally starts in some accidental meeting. It may be a chance meeting on the road, with questions as to who and what we are and why we came from the "Beautiful Country." It may be that someone comes to Sister Nurse with a bad ulcer. It may be nothing more than giving someone an empty tin can to fetch water from the well. Somehow there comes about the chance to say a few words about the Lord of Heaven. The idea of a *loving* God is something new—"ten parts good to hear," they say. They listen. With God's help comes the desire to become a Christian.

Then the real work begins. First they must come to Mass and instructions every Sunday for many months. This may mean a long walk and many arguments at home. At the last lap they must come and live on the mission compound and study every day during a catechu-





**Left:**  
*Bag and baggage, they arrive six weeks before, to study in preparation for Baptism on Easter Sunday in Fushun, Manchukuo.*

**Below:**  
*Easter parade down "Fifth Avenue" in Yeng You, Korea*



menate course of several weeks. The women and children are taught by the Sisters. Last year we had sixty-six to prepare for Baptism, which kept us pretty busy, with only three Sisters in this "little house" in the interior of China. Finally comes the excitement of examination day. Then the inexpressible joy of Baptism!

**D**URING the Easter Mass the congregation stands, closely packed as in a rush-hour subway train, yet reverently quiet and orderly. Almost without exception, every Catholic man and woman and every child who has made his or her First Communion, receives Communion. The new Christians know for the first time the joy of receiving their Eucharistic Lord. On such days only one thing could make our mission joy more perfect. If our helpers at home could only see the faith and the reverence of our Christians!

And that takes us back to the

"Financially, the Maryknoll Sisters are independent of the Maryknoll Fathers. . . . We wish the Catholic public to know of this distinction, and we are very happy to have all who desire to do so lend a hand in assisting the Sisters." — Editorial in *The Field Afar*, September, 1937.

## TWO IN ONE

Maryknoll is ONE great Movement.

Yet Maryknoll consists of TWO distinct societies, the Holy See requiring their complete separation.

The Maryknoll Fathers try to provide generous remuneration for the services rendered them by the Maryknoll Sisters.

Nevertheless, the Maryknoll Sisters must raise independently the greater portion of the funds needed for their maintenance.

**SUPPORT**  
a  
**SISTER**  
and  
**SHARE**  
in her  
**APOSTOLATE**  
*One Dollar*  
*Supports a Sister*  
*One Day*  
Send donations to  
**MARYKNOLL SISTERS**  
Maryknoll P.O., N.Y.



*The interests of our children come first.*

**W**ALKING along with eyes cast down—not through modesty, but simply picking out the dry spots, if any, in the muddy alley—I suddenly came upon a husky fellow in military uniform. He was giving me a snappy salute. I thought, "How polite these soldiers are getting!"

"Don't you recognize me, Father?"

A quick glance, and I knew him—a graduate of Sacred Heart School! My, what a patriarch I am getting to be! It seems but yesterday since this fellow was scratching out his Chinese ABC's and could hardly reach the blackboard!

We had a few minutes' chat in the mud, and then we went our ways. Between splashes and jumps as I wended my way home, I could not help but think what an influence a school can have. A teacher affects eternity, so it is said. He can never tell where his influence stops. The fact that the majority of our two hundred pupils at Sacred Heart School are pagans makes that influence all the more important.

In the beginning there was no hope, on my part, of establishing a school that would become well known. I had in mind the care of

our Catholic children, not daring to consider a regular school. Our pagan neighbors begged that there be a place for their children also.

"No room," said I.

"Jam them in somehow," they in-

*Father Albert J. Murphy, pastor of Sacred Heart mission in San-Cheng-Tze, Manchukuo, hails from Springfield, Massachusetts. On New Year's Day he shared imperial honors.*

sisted. "Only in a Catholic school is there discipline, and the interests of our children come first with you people."

**S**O we started. Our school grew, and from the mandarin down we made many friends for the Church. Sacred Heart School is known, not only in our town, but in the other towns throughout the county. We now have pupils who board in town



*Plentiful doses of the three R's are administered.*



so that they can attend our school. I feel this reputation is due to the Sacred Heart, for I myself have done nothing but stay on the sidelines and make suggestions.

Plentiful doses of the three R's, plus watchful discipline and individual attention, have done the trick. The Government quickly gave us the necessary recognition, and on New Year's Day we shared in the imperial honors by the reception of a silver plaque, all of which helps our influence. At present we are mildly threatened with withdrawal of the recognition, if we fail to enlarge our facilities—which means more bricks and mortar.

On a recent survey, fully two-thirds of our pagan pupils expressed a willingness to become Catholics, but their old people refuse to allow them, because there would then be no one to sacrifice at their graves. The youngsters are not old enough, as yet, to act independently. So we wait for results, even though we do get a few families who become Catholics at once. In the meantime the seed is being scattered. Some undoubtedly falls on rocky soil, but the majority, we hope, will bring results through the Sacred Heart.

#### RAPHAEL TO THE REFUGEES

(Continued from page 101)

adapt themselves—or better, they resign themselves—to misfortune with marvelous ease. They come to us after spending long hours on the road, or after spending bitterly cold nights in some open field or cowering in a ditch to shield themselves from the wind, and yet after one day in camp they feel quite at home and smile as though they had dropped in for a week-end picnic.

**B**EFORE coming out to Fan Ling I had bought a soccer football, and on the third day I had the boys out in a dry rice paddy playing with it. They had a grand time, and many of the adult refugees found entertainment in watching the boys play.

There was a second birth in camp on the third day. That's another part of our camp that I should mention: the "Maternity Hospital," an old Chinese farmhouse near the camp. To date (at the end of the first week) there have been seven births—all living.

I baptized two dying infants one night, and the following morning a

### Mission Values

\$1

Will support a Maryknoll missionary for a day.

\$5

Will provide for the adoption of a Chinese baby, thereby rescuing it from paganism.

\$15

Will enable our missionaries to pay for one month the salary of a native catechist.

\$100

Will support for one year a young Chinese preparing for the priesthood in one of our Mission Junior Seminaries.

\$365

Will provide the support of a Maryknoll missionary during one year.

third, a baby boy who died about an hour after he was made a child of God. Several adults have died during the week.

The hospital has become also a temporary orphanage. Every day some children are picked up on the roads and brought in. Presumably the parents were unable to care for them and considered the present confusion a good opportunity to abandon them. Most of the children are ill and some of them are

deformed. The third night a little blind boy, with a bad cold, was found and was admitted. One day I was walking along the freight cars and a woman with three beautiful little children stopped me and begged me to take one of them from her. The three were boys, but she felt she could no longer take care of them. I felt sorry for her, and promised to help her. If she insists, we shall take one of the boys to the Catholic orphanage in Hong Kong.

**I**N a day or two we shall leave here to begin another camp elsewhere. It is a glorious work and a grand opportunity to do good: to plant a little hope in these hopeless hearts; to ease in some way the heavy weight of their sorrows; to cause a smile to flash across their sad faces; to give a bowl of rice to famished women and children, who hadn't eaten for several days; to find and direct to tender hands little ones abandoned by parents in their extremes of destitution; to have a part in giving shelter and covering to those who had been driven from their homes—what a privilege we have! We sleep well at night: we know we are fulfilling in a small measure our noble mission, following, though at a great distance, in the steps of the Master.

### STOP TWO MINUTES, PLEASE!

*It takes only ten dimes to fill one of these Support-a-Missioner dime cards.*

*Add your drop—or a steady drip—to our April Shower for the support of Maryknoll Missioners.*

*The Maryknoll Fathers,  
Maryknoll P.O., N. Y.*

Please send me a Support-a-Missioner dime card. Send ..... cards for friends.

Name .....

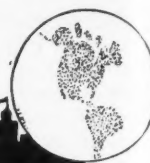
Address .....

☐ I shall be happy to do this each month.





# Maryknoll Mission Education Bureau



## Teachers' Bulletin

**M**ISSION-TIME is now, because missions are now at an opportune moment in history. In fact, since the days of the Apostles, the original twelve, the Church's time of day has been a time for missionary activity. Yet, in our present day, missions are receiving a great revival of new interest and attention. It is our policy, as it is yours, to be up to the moment. In attempting to line up with the apostolic life of the Church we are jotting down ideas, projects, experiences here and there which tend to bring out into more vivid relief the possibilities of apostolic living, apostolic teaching, apostolic learning. These jottings have found their way into our bulletin for teachers, *Mission-Time*. Teachers, for whom the jottings are being made bi-monthly, possess in *Mission-Time* a source of information and cultural material for which teachers the world over are always seeking. The material published in *Mission-Time* is gleaned chiefly from the mission fields where Maryknoll labors for the conversion of pagan souls. The enticing background of Oriental mission countries, both apostolic and cultural, is something worth becoming acquainted with, something worth developing, if only from an educational standpoint.

The education of the *whole* Catholic child necessarily takes into account not only his mental and physical well-being, but likewise the growth of his own spiritual life. Those who teach our children, in order to inculcate an appreciation of other potential Catholics in other lands, need the concrete and the colorful to impress children with the charm, the importance, of the far-away. That this presentation of such appreciation by teachers may be made as attractive and as easy as possible, *Mission-Time* is presented to the modern, enterprising teacher.

## MARYKNOLL MISSION EDUCATION BUREAU

*Designed to meet your  
mission-promotion problems*

1. **Literature Section—**  
offers mission books and pamphlets. Write for our complete price lists.
2. **Press Section—**  
provides Catholic newspapers and magazines with mission copy and photographs.
3. **Entertainment and Lecture Section—**  
offers some twenty-five plays, mission movies and stereopticon lectures, and mission exhibits. Write for catalogue.
4. **School Section—**  
is at the service of all elementary and secondary school teachers. Father Chin heads the Maryknoll Junior Club and our young folks' magazine, *The Maryknoll Junior*. University, college, and high school young men and women are enrolled individually as Maryknoll Pioneers.
5. **Reference and Research Service—**  
will provide you with bibliographies, subject reading references, statistics, photographs, and general mission information.

Send for a sample copy of *Mission-Time* now, and convince yourself, or let it convince you, rather, that a whole new field of educational interest awaits your scholarly interest.

## Mission Exhibits

1. A Japanese "O Hina Dan"  
This is a replica of an old Japanese Imperial Pavilion, complete with richly costumed figures of the Mikado, his consort, courtiers, and guardsmen.
2. A Picnic in China
3. Home Life in Korea
4. Wedding Bells in Korea
5. A Journey to Japan
6. Tea Time in Japan
7. Peeking at the Philippines
8. In the Land of the Manchus
9. Hawaiian Medley

There is no charge attached to this service other than an offering to cover cost of transportation. Please submit your choice at *least two weeks before date of showing*.

## Mission Bookshelf

**A Sixteenth Century Nobleman.** By Marieli G. Benziger. London: Burns Oates and Washbourne Ltd.



For free catalogue

address: Maryknoll Mission Education Bureau  
Maryknoll P.O., N. Y.

The wildest perils and exploits of imaginary supermen in the most incredible tales of fiction pale beside the adventures of Saint Francis Xavier.

In this true and exciting life of the great sixteenth century nobleman who abandoned fame, fortune, and a title to preach the Faith in the farthest corners of the earth, every one who delights in thrilling stories will find a book that is hard to put down.

Miss Benziger writes this for young people, but it passes the test for such books—it is fascinating to adults!

This is a story that has been told countless times. The facts are all familiar, but they take on a new meaning and become alive when seen through this careful poet's eyes.

Perhaps Miss Benziger does not know it, but it is offensive to the Chinese to be called "Chinamen."

A pen as sympathetic as is Miss Benziger's, and as sensitive to the motions of grace in a sainted soul, should by all means go on and do a like service in coloring the portraits of more of our mission heroes.

—S.M.M.

#### The Northlands Mission Source Book.

Published and distributed by Catholic Students' Mission Crusade, National Center, Crusade Castle, Shattuck Avenue (Linwood), Cincinnati, Ohio. 50 cents.

"The Northlands" is the latest addition to the Catholic Students' Mission Crusade library of *Source Books*. The material, selected principally from magazine articles, is excellent.

Like all the Crusade Programmers, this book has an appendix, giving the rules for C.S.M.C. Round Tables and a complete outline for the study of the particular subject covered in the book. Although intended primarily for use at Round Tables, this source should be added to the library of every one interested in mission education. The best articles on the subject are here collected, and a list of supplementary books is given, enabling anyone to investigate the Northlands Missions with little effort and unusual completeness.

—M.C.



MARYKNOLL

## Mission Pamphlets

Each, 5 cents

Quantity	Title	Amount
	Lo Pa Hong— "Coolie of St. Joseph"	5¢
	Christ in China	5¢
	Christ in Japan	5¢
	Christ in Korea	5¢
	Christ in the Philippines	5¢
	42 Days Among Chinese Outlaws	5¢
	Father Burns Among Manchu Bandits	5¢
	10,000 Questions About China	5¢
	The Case for Catholic China	5¢
	Chinese Apostles	5¢
	Chinese Proverbs	5¢
	Leper Pamphlet	5¢
	Marriage in Manchu-Land	5¢
	Missions, Medicine and Maryknoll	5¢
	Native Sisters in the Orient	5¢
	Schools in China	5¢
	The Chinese Seminarian	5¢
	Maryknoll on the March	5¢
	Novena to St. Francis Xavier	5¢
	Secrets of Chinatown	5¢
	Shall I Be a Maryknoll Sister?	5¢
	Shall I Be a Maryknoller?	5¢
	The Maryknoll Story	5¢
	Thieves of Paradise in China	5¢



Check here if you want the complete set for \$1.

Name .....

Address .....

Address order to: The Maryknoll Fathers,  
Maryknoll P. O., N. Y.



# Among Our Friends—

## Saint Peter Had It Recorded—

MARY E. CONWAY died recently in Newark after living to the ripe old age of eighty-seven. For seventy-one years she was servant in a banker's house and, though failing, she continued to the end to direct the other servants, even from her bed.

She was a faithful soul, and we can see Saint Peter smiling on her as she brought forth her record when she stopped at the Pearly Gates.

"Yes, Mary," he probably said, "you did some very good things down below. You took care of the house well, and you were very good to your parish. For many years, too, I see, you supported a missionary in China all by yourself. Certainly the Lord will be very pleased when I tell Him about that."

Many who had much more than Mary Conway will not receive so cordial a reception. Could you do as well as she in supporting a missionary?

## Thomas—an Apostle—

EDUCATION should begin in the cradle," remarks a great leader of our day, and it seems to be backed up by a letter from the father of Thomas, a young apostle for the missions. The proud father recently sent in a contribution from his son with these words: "Thomas is only twelve years of age—the youngest of the family—but he collected the enclosed offering for the missions from his brothers and sisters, and he has asked me to send it to Maryknoll. We were all only too willing to assist him in filling his dime cards, and in this humble way to further your great work."

Thomas gives promise of emulating the example of his apostolic patron.

## Staunch Friends—

COLUMBIA COLLEGE, at Dubuque, Iowa, has not only shown at all times a keen interest in the work of the missions in general and Maryknoll in

particular, but has also supplied a goodly number of vocations to our ranks. Alumni of Columbia at Maryknoll number sixteen—one of the greatest contributions made by colleges in the United States—who are found on the frontiers of all our missions as well as in the homeland.

Under their director, Rev. N. A. Steffen, Columbia's unit of the Catholic Students' Mission Crusade conducts a well-stocked mission reading room, gives radio plays on the same subject, and debates about it with other colleges. In seeking funds to finance this cause so dear to their hearts, the students also cater to the college sweet tooth.

Their splendid spirit is summed up in the expression of one: "May God bless all the young men and women who left comfortable homes to take up a work unknown to the so-called civilized world, to become, perhaps, martyrs for One who suffered martyrdom for them."

Maryknoll is proud to count Columbia College among her staunchest friends.

Incidentally, Columbia's is only one of the many units of the Catholic Students' Mission Crusade to back the work of Maryknoll with prayers, offerings, and vocations. Former Crusaders among our priests, students, Brothers, and Sisters number several hundred. Through the Crusade and its magazine, *The Shield*, the seed of a mission vocation has been planted in many hearts, and a nation-wide knowledge and sympathy of the mission problem has been well developed in the rising generation. Maryknoll sees in her many Crusade friends the promise of sustained mission activity. May their number continue to increase!



Left: The college store, where mission funds are raised.



Above: Columbia's candy butchers cater to the sweet tooth.

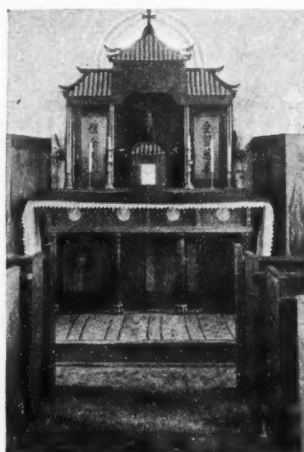
## THIS MONTH'S PRIZE LETTER

Dear Fathers:

This year I shall try to send ten dollars each month as a sponsor offering, instead of adding a dollar a month as I did last year. I figured up my accounts, (getting ready for Uncle Sam in March) and I found that my contributions last year amounted to two hundred and four dollars. I think that is the best I can do financially, but you never can tell. I never realized before how much can be done.

Of course, I'm as poor as a church mouse—but what need have I of any more of this world's goods? I have not the slightest feeling of pride in what I have been able to do, but only the deepest gratitude to our Almighty Father that He has given me good health and work, whereby I can do a little for you who have given yourselves.

—H.E.M., Washington.



## Chapel In Kongmoon—

This chapel—and others like it in various missions—is made possible through someone's generous gift. What a privilege to be able to erect a tabernacled home for the Lord of Heaven in lands where He is so little known, so little loved!

In the list of Want Ads at the right of this page are requests for needed chapels and churches in some of our most important missions. To you who can relieve such a need there awaits the opportunity of naming it for your patron saint, and the consciousness that you have supplied a fit abode for Him who had not whereon to lay His head.

## They Say—

"When I am tired at the close of a day's work, there is nothing I enjoy more than to sit down and 'bury' myself in THE FIELD AFAR. I read it from cover to cover."—*Wisconsin.*

"I have just spent a very enjoyable and interesting hour reading my FIELD AFAR. It is one of the very few magazines I 'make' time to read from cover to cover."—*Priest, Massachusetts.*

## What a Burse Does—

FIFTEEN years ago, in 1924, James A. Collier of Buck Run, Pennsylvania, gave to Maryknoll a burse for the education of mission priests. The first to be prepared through its assistance was ordained in 1928 and went to South China, the second received the priesthood in 1932 and went to Korea, the third in 1936 and went to Hawaii, the fourth is now in the Seminary, due for ordination in 1940.

Mr. Collier has since passed to his reward. Looking down upon us from beyond the Pearly Gates, he must experience satisfaction in witnessing what has come of his donation.



## Maryknoll Want Ads

## Real Estate Miscellaneous Wanted

\$3,000 for land for mission compound, prefecture of Wuchow, South China.

\$5,000 for purchase of land for city mission centers, Kyoto, Japan.

## Capital Wanted

\$1,500 for rectory at Dosing, Vicariate of Kongmoon, South China.

\$1,600 for chapel in Kaying Vicariate, South China.

## Help Wanted

\$3 per month, each, for support of thirty orphans, Prefecture of Fushun, Manchukuo.

Ten gifts of \$35 for one year's support of ten old folks at Gishu, Prefecture of Peng Yang, Korea.

One gift of \$5,000 for hospital supplies at Toi Shaan, Vicariate of Kongmoon, South China.

## Tutors and Private Instruction Wanted

Ten gifts of \$15 monthly, for support of ten catechists, Prefecture of Wuchow, South China.

\$3 each per month for the support of twenty Chinese seminarians, Prefecture of Kweilin, South China.

Four gifts of \$200 each for maintenance of four catechumenates, Prefecture of Fushun, Manchukuo.

Ten gifts of \$500 each for ten units of new school, Chinnampo, Prefecture of Peng Yang, Korea.

## Miscellaneous Wanted

Eight gifts of \$3 each per month for support of eight Chinese Sisters, Prefecture of Kweilin, South China.

Five gifts of \$30 each per month for rental of five buildings to serve as chapels, Kyoto Prefecture, Japan.

\$300 for printing Catholic Doctrine books, Vicariate of Kaying, South China.

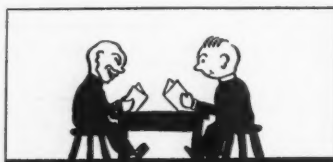
# MARYKNOLL ANNUITY

**BEFORE** your death your investment will bring you a steady income.

**AFTER** your death your investment will work for God and souls in Maryknoll missions—

enabling Maryknoll missionaries

to instruct pagans in the true Faith—



to win the hearts of pagan youngsters for Christ—



to preach to all nations—



to conduct mission schools—



to keep on the trail for souls—



to baptize thousands.



Send for our FREE booklet "The Maryknoll Annuity."

## The Maryknoll Associates

Maryknoll has no mere subscribers to its magazine. Every person who enrolls by the payment of \$1.00 becomes a MARYKNOLL ASSOCIATE for one year and, in addition to receiving THE FIELD AFAR, is a member of the Society, sharing in 11,000 Masses yearly and in the labors, sacrifices, and privations of the missionaries.

A PERPETUAL ASSOCIATE makes payment of \$50, either immediately or in installments within a period of two years. A deceased person may be enrolled as a Perpetual Associate.

A MARYKNOLL BENEFACTOR is one who has assisted to the extent of \$1,000 and becomes by this fact a Perpetual Associate.

A MARYKNOLL FOUNDER is one who has provided a sum of \$5,000 or more; such a person likewise becomes by this fact a Perpetual Associate.

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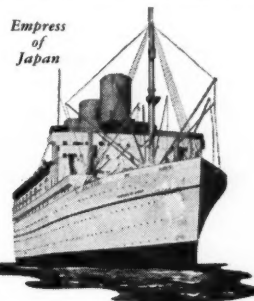
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